

Light in Darkness.

Night done her darkness robe wherein to fly
From the fair dawn,
Whose coming bids the shadow fade and die;
Lo! they are gone!
While she triumphant mounts the eastern sky
And glowing day dawns on.

So, when the storm is at its fiercest light,
Often a calm,
Like the grey dawn that banishes the night,
Brings sudden calm;
The thunder ceases, the warring clouds take flight;
Peace bears away the pain.

The heaviest burden wins at last relief,
You then, who weep,
Bethink you; children sobbing out their grief,
Weighed with sleep;
And to the soul, after life's passion brief,
Comes a repose more deep.

Therefore, take comfort, troubled heart of mine,
O weary heart!
The calm that follows strife shall yet be thine,
To soothe the smart;
From these dawn will come, the sun will shine,
And bitter grief depart.

Argoys.

THE GREEK SHEPHERD'S TALE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Our rude house was put together of clay; but the door posts were columns of fluted marble found near the spot where the house was erected. The roof reached almost down to the ground. It was now dark brown and ugly, but it had originally consisted of blooming olive and fresh laurel branches brought from beyond the mountain. Around our dwelling was a narrow gorge, whose walls of rock rose steeply upwards, and showed naked and black, and round their summits often hung clouds, like white living figures. Never did I hear a singing bird there, never did the men there dance to the sound of the bagpipe; but the spot was sacred from the old time; even its name reminded of this, for it was called Delphi! The dark, solemn mountains were all covered with snow; the highest, which gleamed the longest in the red light of evening, was Parnassus; the brook which rolled from it near our house was once sacred also. Now the ass sullies it with his feet, but the stream rolls on and on, and becomes clear again. How I can remember every spot in the deep, holy solitude! In the midst of the hut a fire was kindled, and when the hot ashes lay there red and glowing, the bread was baked in them. When the snow was piled so high around our hut as to almost hide it, my mother appeared most cheerful; then she would hold my head between her hands, and sing the songs she never sung at other times, for the Turks, our masters, would not allow it. She sang:

"On the summit of Olympus, in the forest of dwarf fir, lay an old stag. His eyes were heavy with tears; he wept blue and even red tears; and there came a roebuck by, and said, 'What ails thee, that thou weepest those red and blue tears?' And the stag answered, 'The Turk has come to our city; he has wild dogs for the chase, a goodly pack; I will drive them away across the islands,' cried the young roebuck, 'I will drive them away across the islands into the deep sea!' But before evening sunk down the roebuck was slain, and before night the stag was hunted and dead."

And when my mother sang thus, her eyes became moist, and on the long eyelashes hung a tear; but she hid it and baked her black bread in the ashes. Then I would clench my fist and cry, "We will kill the Turks!" but she repeated from the song the words, "I will drive them away across the islands into the deep sea. But before evening sunk down the roebuck was slain, and before night came the stag was hunted and slain."

For several days and nights we had been lonely in our hut, when my father came home. I knew he would bring me shells from the Gulf of Lepanto, or perhaps a bright gleaming knife. This time he brought us a child, a little, half-naked girl, that he brought under his sheepskin cloak. She was wrapped in fur, and all that the little creature possessed when this was taken off, and she lay in my mother's lap, were three silver coins, fastened in her dark hair. My father told us that the Turks had killed the child's parents; and he told so much about them, that I dreamed of the Turks all night. He himself had been wounded, and my mother bound up his arm. The wound was deep, and the thick sheepskin with frozen blood. The little maiden was to be my sister. How radiantly beautiful she looked! Even my mother's eyes were not more gentle than hers. Anastasia, as she was called, was to be my sister, because her father had been united to mine by the old custom which we still kept. They had sworn brotherhood in their youth, and chosen the most beautiful and virtuous girl in the neighborhood to consecrate their bond of friendship. I often heard of the strange good custom.

So now the little girl was my sister. She sat in my lap, and I brought her flowers and the feathers of the mountain birds; we drank together of the waters of Parnassus, and dwelt together for many

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

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ny a year under the laurel roof of the hut, while my mother sang winter after winter of the stag which wept red tears. But as yet I could not understand that it was my own countrymen whose many sorrows were mirrored in those tears.

One day there came three Frankish men. Their dresses were different from ours. They had tents and beds with them on their horses, and more than twenty Turks, all armed with swords and muskets, accompanied them; for they were friends of the pacha, and had letters from him commanding an escort for them. They only came to see our mountains, to ascend Parnassus amid the snow and the clouds, and to look at the strange, black, steep rock near our hut. They could not find room in it, nor could they endure the smoke that rolled along the ceiling and found its way out at the low door; therefore they pitched their tents on the space outside our dwelling, roasted lambs and birds, and poured out strong sweet wine, of which the Turks were not allowed to partake.

When they departed, I accompanied them for some distance, carrying my little sister Anastasia, wrapped in a goatskin, on my back. One of the Frankish gentlemen made me stand in front of a rock, and draw me, and her too, as we stood there, so that we looked like one creature. I never thought of it; but Anastasia and I were really one. She was always sitting in my lap or riding in my goatskin at my back; and when I dreamed, she appeared in my dreams.

Two nights afterwards, other men armed with knives and muskets, came into our tent. They were Albanians, brave men my mother told me. They only stayed a short time. My sister Anastasia sat on the knee of one of them, and when they were gone she had not three, but only two silver coins in her hair. They wrapped tobacco in strips of paper and smoked it. I remember they were undecided as to the road they were to take.

But they had to make a choice. They went, and my father went with them. Soon afterwards we heard the sound of firing. The noise was renewed, and soldiers rushed into our hut, and took my mother, and my sister Anastasia prisoners. They declared that the robbers had been entertained by us, and that my father had acted as the robbers' guide, and therefore we must go with them. Presently I saw the corpses of the robbers brought in; I saw my father's corpse too. I cried and cried till I fell asleep. When I awoke we were in prison, but the room was not worse than ours in our own house. They gave me onions to eat, and musty wine poured from a tarry cask, but we had no better fare at home.

How long we were kept prisoners I do not know; but many days and nights went by. When we were set free it was the time of the holy Easter feast. I carried Anastasia on my back, for my mother was ill, and could only move slowly, and it was a long way till we came down to the sea, to the Gulf of Lepanto. We went into a church that gleamed with pictures painted on a golden ground. They were pictures of angels, and very beautiful; but it seemed to me that our little Anastasia was just as beautiful. In the middle of the floor stood a coffin filled with roses. "The Lord Christ is pictured there in the form of a beautiful rose," said my mother; and the priest announced "Christ is risen!" All the people kissed each other; each one had a burning taper in his hand, and I received one myself, and so did little Anastasia. The bagpipes sounded, men danced hand in hand from the church, and outside the women were roasting the Easter lamb. We were invited to partake, and I sat by the fire; a boy older than myself, put his arms around my neck, and kissed me, and said, "Christ is risen!" and thus it was that for the first time I met Aphtanides.

My mother could make fishermen's nets, for which there was a good demand here in the bay, and we lived a long time by the side of the sea, the beautiful sea, that tasted like tears, and in its colors reminded me of the song of the stag that wept—for sometimes its waters were red, and sometimes green or blue.

Aphtanides knew how to manage our boat, and I often sat in it, with my little Anastasia, while it glided on through the water, swift as a bird flying through

the air. Then, when the sun sunk down, the mountains were tinted with a deeper and deeper blue; one range seemed to rise behind the other, and behind them all stood Parnassus, with its snow-crowned summit. The mountain-top gleamed in the evening rays like glowing iron, and it seemed as though the light came from within it; for long after the sun had set, the mountain still shone through the clear blue air. The white water-birds touched the surface of the sea with their wings, and all here was as calm and as quiet as among the black rocks at Delphi. I lay on my back in the boat, Anastasia leaned against me, and the stars above us shone brighter than the lamps in our church. They were the same stars, and they stood exactly in the same positions above me as when I sat in our hut at Delphi; and at last I fancied I was there. Suddenly there was a splash in the water, and the boat rocked violently. I cried out in horror, for Anastasia had fallen into the water; but in a moment Aphtanides had sprung in after her, and was holding her up to me! We dried her clothes as well as we could, remaining on the water till they were dry; for no one was to know what a fright we had had for our little adopted sister, in whose life Aphtanides now had a part. The summer came. The sun burned so hot that the leaves turned yellow on the trees. I thought of our cool mountains, and of the cool water they contained; my mother, too, longed for them; and one evening we wandered home. What peace, what silence! We walked on through the thick thyme, still fragrant though the sun had scorched its leaves. Not a single herdman did we meet, not a solitary hut did we pass. Everything was quiet and deserted; but a shooting star announced that in heaven there was yet life. I know not if the clear blue air gleamed with light of its own, or if the radiance came from the stars; but we could see the outlines of the mountains quite plainly. My mother lighted a fire, roasted some roots she had brought with her, and my little sister slept among the thyme, without fear of the ugly Smidrak, from whose throat fire spurts forth, or of the wolf or jackal; for my mother sat beside us, and I considered her presence protection enough for us.

We reached our old home; but the hut was a heap of ruins, and a new one had to be built. A few women lent my mother their aid, and in a few days walls were raised, and covered with a new roof of olive branches. My mother made bottle-cases of bark and skins; and I kept the little flocks of the priests, and Anastasia and the little tortoises were my playmates.

Once we had a visit from our beloved Aphtanides, who said he had greatly longed to see us, and who stayed with us two whole happy days. A month afterwards he came again, and told us that he was going in a ship to Corfu and Patras, but must bid us good by first; and he had brought a large fish for our mother. He had a great deal to tell, not only of the fishermen yonder in the Gulf of Lepanto, but also of kings and heroes, who had once possessed Greece, just as the Turks possess it now.

I have seen a bud on a rose-bush gradually unfold in days and weeks, till it became a rose, and hung there in its beauty before I was aware how large and beautiful and red it had become; and the same thing I now saw in Anastasia. She was now a beautiful grown girl, and I had become a stout stripling. The wolfskin that covered my mother's and Anastasia's bed, I had taken from the wolves that had fallen beneath my shots.

Years had gone by, when one evening Aphtanides came in, slender as a reed, strong and brown. He kissed us all, and had much to tell of the fortifications of Malta, of the great ocean, and of the marvellous sepulchres of Egypt. It sounded strange as a legend of the priests, and I looked up to him with a kind of veneration.

How much you know! I exclaimed; "what wonders you can tell of!"

"But you have told me the finest thing after all," he replied. "You told me of a thing that has never been out of my thoughts—of the good old custom of the bond of friendship, a custom I should like to follow. Brother, let you and I go to church, as your father and Anastasia went before us; your sister Anastasia is the most beautiful and the most innocent of girls; she shall consecrate us! No people have such grand old customs as we Greeks."

Anastasia blushed like a young rose, and my mother kissed Aphtanides. A couple of miles from our house there, where loose earth lies on the hill, and a few scattered trees gave a shelter, stood the little church; a silver lamp hung in front of the altar.

I put on my best clothes; the white fustanella fell in rich folds around my hips, the red jacket fitted tight and close, the tassol on my fez cap was silver, and in my girdle gleamed a knife and my pistols. Aphtanides was clad in the blue garb worn by the Greek sailors; on his breast hung a silver plate with the figure of the Virgin Mary; his scarf was as costly as those worn by rich lords. Every one could see we were about to go through a solemn ceremony. We stepped into the simple little church, where the evening sunlight, streamed through the door, gleamed on the burning lamp and the pictures on golden ground. We knelt down on the altar steps, and Anastasia came before us. A long white garment hung loose over her graceful form; on her white neck and bosom hung a chain, covered with old and new coins, forming a kind of collar. Her black hair was fastened in a knot, and confined by a head-dress made of silver and gold coins that has been found in an old temple. No Greek girl had more beautiful ornaments than she. Her countenance glowed, and her eyes were like two stars.

We all three prayed silently; and then she said to us, "Will you be friends in life and in death?" "Yes," we replied. "Will you, whatever may happen, remember this: my brother is part of myself. My secret is his. Self-sacrifice, patience—everything in me belongs to him as to me?" And again we answered "Yes." Then she joined our hands and kissed us on the forehead, and we again prayed silently. Then the priest came through the door near the altar, and blessed us all three; and a song, sung by the other holy men, sounded from behind the altar screen and the bond of eternal friendship was concluded. When we rose I saw my mother standing by the church door weeping heartily.

How cheerful it was now in our little hut, and by the springs of Delphi! On the evening before his departure Aphtanides sat thoughtful with me, on the declivity of the mountain; his arm was flung around my waist, and mine was around his neck; we spoke of the sorrows of Greece, and of the men whom the country could trust. Every thought of our souls lay clear before each of us, and I seized his hand.

"One thing thou must know, one thing that till now has been a secret between myself and Heaven. My soul is filled with love! with a love stronger than I bear to my mother and to thee!" "And whom do you love?" asked Aphtanides, and his face and neck grew red as fire.

"I love Anastasia," I replied—and his hand trembled in mine and he became pale as a corpse. I saw it; I understood the cause; and I believe my hand trembled. I bent toward him, kissed his forehead, and whispered, "I have never spoken of it to her, and perhaps she does not love me. Brother, think of this; I have seen her daily; she has grown up beside me and has become part of my soul!"

"And she shall be thine!" he exclaimed, "thine! I may not deceive thee, nor will I do so. I also love her; but to-morrow I depart. In a year we shall see each other once more, and then you will be married, will you not? I have a little gold of my own: it shall be thine. Thou must, thou shalt take it."

And we wandered homelike across the mountains. It was late in the evening when we stood at my mother's door. Anastasia held the lamp upwards as we entered; my mother was not there. She gazed at Aphtanides with a beautifully mournful face. "To-morrow you are going from us," she said; "I am very sorry for it."

"Sorry!" he repeated, and in his voice there seemed a trouble as great as his grief I myself felt. I could not speak, but he seized her hand and said, "Our brother yonder loves you, and he is dear to you, is he not? His very silence is proof of his affection."

Anastasia trembled and burst into

tears. Then I saw no one but her, thought of none but her, threw my arms around her and said, "I love thee!" She pressed her lips to mine, and flung her arms around my neck; but the lamp had fallen to the ground, and all was dark around us—dark as the heart of poor Aphtanides.

Before daybreak he rose, kissed us all said farewell, and went away. He had given all his money to my mother for us. Anastasia was my betrothed, and in a few days afterwards she became my wife.—*Golden Rule.*

GREENFIELD SENTENCED.

Greenfield ate heartily and slept well last night and this morning gave no evidence of anxiety about the results of his case. He went to the Court House cheerfully and appeared to be in good spirits.

THE PRISONER AND HIS RELATIVES.

The Court of Oyer and Terminer convened at nine o'clock this morning. The court room was crowded as usual. The prisoner, upon coming into court, cordially greeted his father, who seemed almost broken hearted, and kissed him. The prisoner's brother Henry was the only other member of his family present. His mother is dangerously sick at Orwell, and his sister, Eliza Ann, was taken violently sick on her way to Oswego this morning and was obliged to be carried home. Orlando seemed more nervous than on any former occasion; but this appeared to arise more from anxiety for his father than from any fears as to his own fate.

THE MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL DENIED.

Judge Merwin first disposed of the motion of the defence for a new trial upon the judge's minutes, which was argued on Monday. He held that the same rule applied to the motion before the Court, as upon the same motion in civil cases; that this is the direction of the statutes. It seemed to the Court that the main question bearing upon this is whether the three witnesses, referred to by the defence, had been contradicted, or sought to be impeached upon merely collateral matters. As to the objection raised in connection with juror Betts, having carefully reviewed the subject and the evidence, the Court was confirmed in the opinion indicated Monday evening. The Court holds the same opinion now as then, upon the question raised as to the preambles. The specific objection to these should have been raised by the defence at the time. In the absence of such objection, the point now raised must fail.

Upon the other question, the rule as to cross-examination is that it is to some extent in the discretion of the court, but that it cannot be contradicted by collateral evidence. His Honor then discussed this question, citing English and American authorities, and concluded that under the decisions referred to he was satisfied that the evidence admitted in this case was competent and lawful, and therefore the motion for a new trial was denied. The defence excepted.

SENTENCE MOVED.

District Attorney Lamoree moved that sentence be passed upon the prisoner, Nathan O. Greenfield.

A STAY OF SENTENCE.

Judge Huntington asked that in view of so many intricate and important legal questions were involved, sentence might be stayed until the defence could settle a bill of exceptions and be permitted to have the same passed upon by the General Term of the Supreme Court.

The Court replied that it had taken into consideration, first, the propriety of a suspension of sentence; secondly, the subject of a stay of proceedings. Upon the first the Court was clear that sentence should be pronounced now, but that a stay of execution may be had for the purpose suggested by the counsel at the Pulaski Circuit for settling a bill of exceptions.

Judge Huntington said there are certain questions we desire to bring before the Court, on which we ask your Honor to suggest whether they be heard before or after the sentence. The Court desired to know what the questions were, and Judge Huntington said that among others was the fact that the prisoner is without means to carry on an appeal.

The Court granted the time between now and the Circuit Court at Pulaski,

April 23d, for preparing a bill of exceptions, one-half of the time to each side of the case, and will then determine all the questions, at which time also an order may be granted staying proceedings under the sentence until otherwise disposed of.

THE SENTENCE.

The Court—Nothing now remains but to pass the sentence of the Court. Greenfield, stand up. Have you anything to say why the sentence of this Court should not be pronounced upon you?

Greenfield—I have.

The Court—Say on.

Greenfield—I am not guilty of the crime with which I am charged, and I call upon God to witness, before whom I stand, and by whom I expect to be judged, and I hope, by the aid of my counsel, yet to be able to prove my innocence. That is all.

The Court—The sentence prescribed by law, and which is pronounced by the Court, is that you, Nathan Orlando Greenfield, be taken hence and securely confined in the jail of the county of Oswego. That upon the 11th day of May next, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., within the walls of the jail or its enclosure, you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy upon your soul!

When Greenfield arose to answer the Court and receive the terrible language of the formal sentence of death, his face was flushed, but otherwise no physical sign betrayed the emotions which must have moved him. The grave, which almost seemed to stand open at his feet, could not be more still than was the whole court room, with its solemn central figures—Judge Merwin, the spokesman of the law, and Greenfield, the poor object of doom. As Orlando sat down many of the spectators were weeping. The old father was bowed with grief, and the tearfully coursed down the cheeks of the prisoner. There was no noisy demonstration. There was the hush of death in the court room. All seemed to feel that the moment was one of deep solemnity. Curiosity was for an instant awed; and one by one the spectators quietly left the room, the prisoner meanwhile waiting in silence until the formalities of the law were reduced to writing, and then passing to his own thoughts in his lonely cell.

SUBSEQUENT PROCEEDINGS.

It is understood that Judge Huntington will leave no effort untried to secure a reversion of the judgement of the Court and a new trial for his client. He will, upon perfecting a bill of exceptions, carry the case in the first instance to the General Term of the Fourth District, and failing there will go to the Court of Appeals.

WHAT GREENFIELD SAYS.

Our reporters spoke briefly with Greenfield after the sentence. He said the sentence was not wholly unexpected, but it was pretty hard. He expressed hope of getting a new trial. It was very evident that notwithstanding the trying scene through which he had just passed Orlando does not yet fully realize his true position.—*Osw. Palladium, Thursday.*

Curious Death of a Bird Hawk.

The Mifflintown Sentinel says: "A few days ago a bird hawk, in passing over town, swooped down at a bevy of English sparrows that were feeding in the street at the corner of Main and bridge streets. The nimble little birds were too quick for the hawk and scattered. One little fellow nearest the hawk curved round the glass corner of the Bedford building. The pursuing bird was not acquainted in that locality, and knew nothing of the glass corner, which to his eye seemed like an open space, and concluded to take the short cut on the little bird that was describing so nice a curve in front of his hawkship. The hawk directed his course straight at the corner and encountered the outside glass with such force that it passed through to the inside by a hole of its own making, only several times larger than its own body, and then dropped dead to the music of quivering window and falling glass. The boys say the sparrows held a jubilee that day over the death of a bloody enemy."

"Have you heard my last song?" asked a music writer of a gruff critic. "I hope so," was the reply.

An Artist Surprised.

The following good story is told of Mr. Gillott a wealthy English art collector of Birmingham. One day a roughly clad, farmer-looking man called at the residence of Turner, the eminent painter, and was met at the door by the servant.

"Is Mr. Turner in?"
"Yes, sir; but—"
"Well, I want to see him."
"He will see no one, sir. He is very busy, and cannot be disturbed."
"Oh, he'll see me," said the stalwart stranger, and pushed by the astonished servant man, and coolly walked into the hall.

"Show me where Mr. Turner's room is. I'll go and find him."
Not knowing what to make of the intruder, and thoroughly intimidated by his impudence, the servant pointed to his studio door above the stairs.

Up went the visitor with as much assurance as if the house were his own, and the next instant the painter was startled at his work by a loud and hearty knock. There was a silent pause, and then the knock was repeated with greater emphasis. Presently the door opened, just a crack, and very slowly. The face of the artist looked out and frowned.

"Is this Mr. Turner?"
"Yes, sir. What do you wish?"
Mr. Turner was evidently more surprised and annoyed than his servant had been at the sight of the burly rustic (as the stranger seemed) standing there at his threshold.

"I want to see you and talk with you a few minutes."
"It is impossible to attend to you, sir. I am intensely occupied, and cannot be hindered in my work."

"Oh, but I've come over a hundred miles on purpose to see you. Mr. Turner, I want to show you some pictures that I've brought from Birmingham," said the farmer-looking man, taking something out of his pocket and moving a step nearer.

"I have no acquaintance in Birmingham, and I have no time to look at your pictures," said Turner, decidedly.

The rough stranger was not to be repulsed, however. He quietly unfolded his Birmingham specimens, and without waiting longer for an invitation, he marched into the studio without one. What could the great painter do? He glanced at one of the "pictures," which his intrusive visitor had flung down upon a table. It was a thousand pound Bank of England note!

"Here," said the man, flinging down another of the same figures, on top of the first, "I thought maybe you'd like to look at these, Mr. Turner. These pictures are pretty well liked generally, I believe. Their value as mere works of art may not be so very much, but their commercial value is something," and he flung down a third thousand pound "picture" on the top of the second.

By this time the amazed and mollified artist had of course divined his visitor's errand, and begun to suspect who he was. The introduction speedily followed, and after a most genial interview, Mr. Gillott went away the possessor of three of Turner's magnificent paintings, having left an order for a fourth.

Literary Notices.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—The two most attractive articles in Lippincott's Magazine for April are "A Chapter from Real Life," describing the experiences and struggles of an English lady of refinement, who some years since crossed the Atlantic in the steerage of an emigrant ship and lived for a time in squalid boarding houses in New York city; and an account of "Wee Island," by Mr. Robert Wilson. "The Tartar and his Home," by Edward C. Bruce, is full of information and lucid and suggestive views in regard to the East. It is finely illustrated, as is also a second paper on the "Valleys of Peru." The fiction of the number includes a deeply interesting installment of "The Marquis of Lossie," by George Macdonald, a short and amusing story with the odd title of "K.," a conclusion of Auerbach's "Gawik from America." An editorial paper on "College Classics and Classic Colleges," deals in a somewhat trenchant way with the English and American system of higher education, as contracted with that of Germany. There are also other interesting papers, and several poems.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER for April is replete with interest and instruction. Its contents are: Elisha the Prophet; The Temperance Problem, and Who can Solve it; Imagination as a Factor in Teaching; A Prison Sunday-school; Lessons in Kings; Editorial Miscellany; Sunday-school Gleanings; Sunday-school Works; The Teachers' Meeting; Literature.

We regard this magazine the best of the kind published, and are glad to know that its circulation is constantly increasing.

A young man in this city having complained to a friend "at a young lady had sat upon his hat, he was told that he ought to have known better than to hold his hat in his lap."—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every
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respondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAR. 29, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on
receipt of five cents.

Religious Notices.

Rev. A. W. Mann will (D. V.) hold
church services as follows: In the chapel
of St. John's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio,
Sunday afternoon, April 8th. In the
evening Bishop Jaggar will hold Con-
firmation services in the same church.
In Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday afternoon,
April 15th, at some place which will be
designated in due time.

Louisiana Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

We are in receipt of a copy of the an-
nual report of the Louisiana Institution for
Deaf-Mutes for the year ending De-
cember 31, 1876. The report was printed
at the institution, and its type set
by the boys learning the type-setter's
trade. The pamphlet shows good work-
manship, and reflects much credit upon
those who are learning the trade and
preparing themselves for useful citizens
as well as educated deaf-mutes. Much
expense is also saved by having the re-
port printed at the institution instead of
paying for its being done elsewhere.
This institution is located at Baton
Rouge, the capital of the State. Seven
gentlemen, one of whom is ex-Governor
W. P. Kellogg, comprise the board of
trustees. The institution officers are
Superintendent J. A. Whorter, A. M.,
with Mr. Joseph H. Barnes and Mrs.
Annie E. Barnes teachers. The trustees
taught are printing and book-binding.
The trustees ask the General Assembly
for an appropriation of \$20,000 this
year, to meet present indebtedness for
the school, repairs, and proper preserva-
tion of the buildings and premises. Last
year the amount appropriated was \$15,
000. Of this sum \$11,250 was paid in
warrants at a discount of about thirty
five per cent, and only \$5,810 was re-
alized, thus leaving the institution in de-
bt on the first of January in the sum of
\$5,233.73. To partially meet this in-
debtedness there remains the last quar-
ter's warrants of \$3,750 which at the
above rate of discount will fall considerably
short of meeting the demands. The
trustees call the attention of the Gen-
eral Assembly to the necessity of a stand-
ing annual appropriation of about \$12,
000 or \$15,000 for the institution, and as
in other States the amount to be paid in
legal currency, instead of State warrants
which must be negotiated for at a large
discount. By the favor of divine Pro-
vidence the past year has been one of
health in the institution, and one of sat-
isfactory results as far as the means pro-
vided would permit. From the Super-
intendent's report we learn that the send-
ing home of some of the indigent pupils
during the suspension of the school in
1875, and again at the vacation last year,
reduced the number of pupils to forty.
If those were at school whose means
would not permit them to return, the
present number would be at least sixty.
The number now in attendance is less
than at any time during the six years
previous. Twenty-one pupils present in
1875 are now absent. Eight of the
twenty-one have been permanently dis-
charged, two of whom went to the Na-
tional Deaf-mute College at Washington
D. C., three are married and well settled
and three are supporting themselves or
are provided for by their friends. Seven
new pupils have been admitted and a
number of communications received
from parents desiring to send their chil-
dren to school, but not possessing the
means. Orleans parish which contains
about one-fourth of the deaf-mutes in
the State, sends nineteen of the forty,
lacking only one of half the whole num-
ber of pupils present. This is explained
by the fact that it costs but a few dollars
to take a pupil from Orleans parish to
the institution, and frequently it costs
nothing in cases of indigent children, owing
to the liberality of the officers of the
parish, while from some of the parishes
the expense is not less than one hundred
dollars. Only twelve of the fifty-five
parishes in the State send pupils. Six
out of the twelve parishes send thirty-
four of the forty who are now in at-
tendance at the institution. Forty-three
parishes send no pupils.

The health of the pupils has been
good as well as that of the officers.
There was no death, no epidemic, and
no case of severe sickness. No insti-
tution reports in the country can show
such exemption from death, epidemics,
or serious accidents, as has been enjoyed
at the Louisiana Institution during the
past eighteen years of its active opera-
tions. On the 20th of January, 1876, the
House of Representatives adopted a res-

olution directing the chairman of the
committee on Charitable and Public In-
stitutions to appoint a sub-committee of
three whose duty it should be to proceed
to Baton Rouge for the purpose of in-
vestigating everything relating to the deaf
and dumb institution there situated. The
sub-committee visited the institution on
the 31st of January, and made an exam-
ination of the premises and the adminis-
tration of the institution. They were
accompanied through the building by
two members of the board of trustees,
the superintendent of the institution, and
a number of prominent citizens of
Baton Rouge. They found the building
in very good order and well preserved,
although some considerable repairs are
needed. The rooms and halls were gen-
erally neat and clean. The sanitary
condition of the establishment was quite
satisfactory, and all the inmates ap-
peared to be in good health and as com-
fortable as possible. The committee en-
tered the class-rooms, witnessed the method
of instruction, and were well pleased
with the exercises. They recommended
sewing machines for the use of the fe-
male pupils, and the necessary tools and
fixtures for farming, gardening and other
occupations, so that the boys may be
prepared for the battle of life when they
are discharged from the institution. The
pupils made good progress in their stud-
ies last year; the superintendent and
teachers are doing all they can for them,
and it is hoped that a brighter prospect
will mark the future history of the Lou-
isiana Institution.

A Beautiful Motto Presented to the Ed- itor.

We received last week a very fine
present of the motto, "God bless our
Home," gotten up by the donor, Mr.
Parcells, a deaf-mute and one of our old
schoolmates, and at his request forward-
ed to us through the politeness of Prof.
Job Turner, of Worcester, Mass.

Our friend, Mr. Parcells, will please
accept our grateful thanks for his kind-
ness in thus remembering the editor. The
exquisitely wrought motto, a sample of
which was sent us, is in size 25x9 inches.
The letters are of the tasteful, old
English style on plush with a background
of maroon-colored velvet. Mr. Parcells
makes the above and other mottoes of
different styles and prices. He will
mail the motto, "God bless our Home,"
to any address on the receipt of \$1.00.
For particulars in regard to other styles
of mottoes or orders to be filled, address
Philip M. Parcells, No. 8 Portland St.,
Worcester, Mass.

Dog License in Biddeford, Maine.

It appears that there is a certain law
in relation to dogs in Biddeford, whether
municipal or statutory we have not been
informed. J. W. Page of that city hav-
ing heard of the numerous house robber-
ies which of late have increased to an
alarming extent throughout the country,
and preferring to dispense his surplus
personal property in accordance with his
own inclinations rather than suffer the
hordes of thieving banditti to appropriate
it at pleasure for their own special
benefit, concluded to set a canine watch-
man not on the towers of Zion, but
inside of the walls of his own habitation,
for the double purpose of protecting his
master's movable property and ex-
cusing the members of the family (his
master's) from the unpleasant annoyances
of being awakened at the meridian hour
of a dark night to be gagged, mouth-
stuffed and blind-folded under the win-
ning persuasions of a seven-shooter with
the accompanying unpleasantness of
fainting women and shrieking children,
while the robber's accomplices should
proceed to pack the victims' goods and
remove them to other quarters, forget-
ting to give the owners a receipt for
the same. As such visions of bull-dozing
danced fantastically before Mr. Page's
mental vision and bloody dreams dis-
turbed his physical equilibrium, he be-
came more dissatisfied with the "adminis-
tration"—not of President Hayes and
Vice-President Wheeler in particular
nor that of the State of Maine in gen-
eral—and concluded to "go behind the
returning boards," which he was not
slow to do and returned with his chosen
candidate legally elected, in the person
of a large house dog of the St. Bernard
species. A city dog license was all the
confirmation required. St. Bernard was
duly installed in his official capacity, and
now our friend Page and family retire
at night and enjoy the most serene and
undisturbed slumbers till his wife informs
him by means of manual signs that it is
time for him to get up and build a fire.

Marriage of Deaf-Mutes at Bristol, England.

Some time ago, Mr. Rowland, of the
Glamorgan Deaf and Dumb Mission,
commiserating the neglected state of the
adult deaf and dumb of Bristol, succeeded,
in conjunction with the Rev. W. J.
Mayers, of the City Road Baptist Chap-
el (and who is well known in Cardiff),
in organizing a branch mission in Bristol.
Mr. Mayers kindly undertook all the ar-
rangements, and it is greatly owing to
his oversight of the branch that success
has crowned Mr. Rowland's efforts. Ma-
ny of the adult deaf and dumb have be-
come members of Christian churches, and
two of these were on Saturday last united
in marriage. The ceremony was per-
formed at the City Road Chapel, Mr.
Rowland assisting the Rev. W. J. Mayers
in making the service plain to the
many deaf-mutes assembled. The bride-
groom is, for a deaf-mute, well educated,
and able by his occupation to support a
wife in comfort. Our correspondent adds:
From the experience gained up to the
present time of such marriages, it is the
duty of those having influence with the
deaf and dumb to encourage intermar-
riage, as it is seldom, if ever, that the
children of deaf-mute parents inherit
their parents' defects.—*South Wales
Daily News, Cardiff, Dec. 18, 1876.*

A Table, For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, April 1st.
The Psalter for the 1st day of the
month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Exodus xii, verse 37th.
2d Lesson—Romans vi.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Exodus xii, verse 37th.
2d Lesson—Acts ii, verse 22d.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Easter
Sunday.

Sunday, April 8th.
The Psalter for the 8th day of the
month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah XLIII.
2d Lesson—Acts i.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah XLVII.
2d Lesson—Corinthians xv.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
first Sunday after Easter.

The Itomizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to as-
sociations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for
the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends
and readers will keep us supplied with items for
this column; mark items so sent: *The Itomizer.*

MR. EVAN W. EVANS and his wife, of Rome,
N. Y., are making us a visit and calling upon
his many friends in this vicinity. Both are in
the best of spirits and evidently enjoying their
newly-wedded life very much.

THE Minnesota Legislature has in both houses
passed two appropriations for the benefit of the
Deaf and Dumb Institution of that State, \$25,-
000 for the year's current expenses, and \$40,000
for constructing the walls of the main central
building.

GRADUATES of the Minnesota Deaf-mute In-
stitution, residents of St. Paul and Minneapolis,
are talking of forming a society for mental im-
provement. They will secure rooms and hold
evening meetings at which some of the best ed-
ucated will lecture for the benefit of the mem-
bers. The superintendent and teachers of the
Deaf-mute Institution will visit the society oc-
casional to encourage them in the good work.

YESTERDAY a deaf and dumb chromo peddler
named J. C. PETERS, made a complaint at No.
1 that a partner of his, one WILLIAM PETERS, also
deaf and dumb, had stolen \$8 worth of chromos.
It appears that they both stopped at the Friend-
ly Inn, and yesterday morning PETERS arose and
found that his partner had fled taking the chromo-
s. Last evening Serg. Yox arrested the thief
and locked him up.—*Buffalo Paper.*

A DEAF and dumb man named WILLIAM TOW-
ERS, was arrested by Sergeant Yox, of the First
Precinct, last night, on complaint of J. C. PETERS,
another mute, who alleged that the prisoner
went to the store of Wm. F. A. SUTTON, on
Exchange Street, and obtained several chromo
pictures, valued at eight dollars, by representing
that he (PETERS) had sent him for them. The
case awaits a hearing.—*Buffalo Paper.*

MRS. SAYER HOWARD, of New York city, had
a very pleasant company in honor of her birth-
day, on the 24th inst. The guests present were
Dr. and Mrs. GALLAGHER, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. JEN-
KINS, of New York, Miss FRANKLIN, of
Philadelphia, Miss TOWNSEND, of Elizabeth, N. J.,
Miss CLARK, of Brooklyn, Mr. LOWE, of Phila-
delphia, and Mr. HEDMAN, of New York city.
The occasion is said to have been the pleasantest
of the kind that the above-named guests have
ever attended, and a very enjoyable evening was
spent.

CHANG BUNKER, one of the celebrated Siamese
twins had nine children. Seven of the children
are now living, three of whom are deaf-mutes.
One of the latter whose name is LAURA was
married in August, 1874, to ZACHARIAH W.
HAYNES, also a deaf-mute. They have two
children, both of whom can hear and speak.
Mr. HAYNES and his family live in Person St.,
Raleigh, N. C. He is a man of liberal education
and is a teacher in the institution for the deaf
and dumb and the blind, located in the above-
named city.

THE members of the Worcester Deaf-mute
Union have decided to call their new accumu-
lation of books, "The Williams Deaf-mute Lib-
rary," in compliment to the lady who recently
gave them more than half a hundred books. Mr.
D. W. CAREY has been elected librarian, with
Mrs. D. B. HOWE and Miss ADDIE V. JOHNS,
as his assistants. Mr. W. L. HILL, a graduate
of the National Deaf-mute College, one of the
proprietors of the *Athol Transcript*, sends it to
the Union.

PROF. JOB TURNER recently received informa-
tion from a clerk in the office of the Adams Ex-
press Company at Worcester, Mass., that AARON
FULTON, a graduate of the American Asylum,
is still living on a small farm at Deerfield, Mass.,
and has a deaf-mute wife, but no children. His
brother AUGUSTUS, a graduate of the same in-
stitution, died there about three years ago. He
was an old bachelor at the time of his death, and
was an artist of considerable skill.

PROF. P. A. EDEY, Principal of the Chicago
Day-school for Deaf-mutes, recently met with
quite a serious accident by a fall on the icy
walk, as we learn. His right side and ribs were
injured, and his doctor thought it would be
a month before he could fully recover. We un-
derstand he was obliged to suspend his labors as
teacher for a few days, but that he is so much
improved as to be again in the school-room. His
many friends deeply regret his misfortune, but
will rejoice to hear that the accident was not
more serious.

PROF. WISE, of Minnesota, of whom we have
a high opinion as an instructor, objects to his
pupils learning their lessons so much by heart,
and thus improving "in a circle," as he styles it.
A pupil with a memory that can "retain a men-
tal picture of the page," most teachers would re-
gard as a promising member of the class, and it
does not follow, in our humble opinion, that
such "can make little or no progress in his
studies." That faculty of mind which enables
him to do this, also enables him to seize and re-
tain many other things of pure school-room in-
struction, which, somehow or other do not stick
with those who learn to school of a morning
with no particular lesson to speak of. Besides,
with a cast from memory, is usually found pow-
ers of observation and of association, that cer-
tain systems of instruction develop and blend
together in happy harmony.

Circular of the Glamorgan, Wales, Mis- sion to the Deaf and Dumb.

President—Lord Aberdare.
Vice-President—John Cory, Esq., J. P.
Patrons—Leed Tredegar, R. T. Craw-
shaw, Esq., D. Davis, Esq., Maesfynnon,
R. Cory, Junior, Esq.

In view of the increased expenditure
in connection with the above Mission,
occasioned by the opening of the Aber-
dare Branch and the augmentation of the
Missionary's salary, the Committee are
desirous to submit herein its claims upon
the sympathy and aid of the benevolent-
ly disposed inhabitants of the county. So
much has been said and written of the
benefits of Missions to the Deaf and
Dumb, that it is scarcely necessary to di-
late upon them now; suffice it to say,
that without special services on their be-
half, communicated to them in the only
language they understand—that of signs
—the deaf and dumb would be left en-
tirely without religious instruction on
the Sabbath.

But the Glamorgan Mission does not
stop here. The efforts of the Missionary
are not confined exclusively to their
spiritual welfare; their temporal good is
sought after; and when any of the deaf-
mute members of the Mission are sick,
or in distress of any kind, the Mission-
ary does all in his power to alleviate
their trials, and no amount of toil is con-
sidered by him too great if any good is to
be attained for his deaf-mute brethren.

The Committee can with confidence
point to the results achieved by the
Mission since its establishment in 1869,
as a further inducement, if any is need-
ed, to touch the chord of sympathy on
its behalf. The services are well attend-
ed, many walking several miles to be
present; suitable employment is found
for the adult members, and a kindly
supervision exercised over them in many
ways.

To those who have not hitherto sub-
scribed to, or otherwise aided the Mis-
sion, the Committee earnestly commend
its claims upon their consideration;
whilst amongst its old friends and bene-
factors, they who have the means are
respectfully urged to augment their gifts,
and thus aid the Mission in meeting the
increased claims upon its funds.

Subscriptions will be thankfully re-
ceived and acknowledged by Mrs. Slemann,
21, Edward Terrace, Mr. Wm. Jones,
bookseller, &c., Duke street, Mr. E. Row-
lands, the Missionary, 22 Bedford street,
Mr. R. T. Cason, Cardiff, Rev. J. M.
Bowen, High street, Pen-y-darren, Mer-
thyr, and Mr. R. Pardoe, Ironmonger,
Aberdare.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,
ROBERT T. CASSON,
Hon. Sec.

Temperance Lecture.

Last evening a lecture was given to
the deaf-mutes by Charles E. Knight of
Worcester on temperance, some examples
of which afforded them great interest.
He had a glass of pure water on the
table before him, while he delivered his
lecture to defend it against all kinds of
ardent spirits. He spoke as follows:
Friends, much have I thought of temper-
ance and much have I hated to see deal-
ers of whiskey and rum daily feeding
our poor and ragged citizens with those
noisy and filthy drinks. Foolish is the
man who says he cannot break the string
that holds the jug of rum to his neck.
What good do such drinks do a man?
Do they bring a man or woman in a
good state of mind? Don't you see, if
a man is under the influence of strong
drink, he generally lays down in the gutter
and rolls over like a hog that is tak-
ing its pleasure? Does he go home hap-
py in such a state of mind? No; he goes
home full of misery and begins doing
some great mischief without his true
knowledge. That should learn others
to keep from temperance. Once, in a
certain town, there lived a man who was
in the habit of drinking. One night as
he was on his way home, he happened to
meet with a tree limb which hung over
the road. He took it for a person and
commenced beating it with his full force.
Next morning he found his fist like a
crushed potato. He afterwards signed
the pledge and became a good man. He
told several other temperance stories, all
of which were interesting. He said:
"Whoever dies in strong drinks shall
enter a drunkard's grave and everlasting
fire." At the close of his lecture he asked
the mute members if they would be
willing to sign the pledge against liquors,
which almost all of them did. A num-
ber of the members made interesting
speeches on the same subject.

At a quarterly meeting held last Wed-
nesday night a resolution was passed ap-
pointing Mr. D. W. Carey librarian and
Mrs. D. B. Howe and Miss Addie V. Johns
assistant librarians. The library will be
known as the "Williams Deaf-mute Lib-
rary," so named in honor of a kind-
hearted lady who the other day pre-
sented the society with sixty-two useful
and instructive books.—*Worcester Press,
March 23, 1877.*

Deaf-Mute Service.

SERVICES AT THE ROOMS OF THE ASSOCIA-
TION YESTERDAY.

Despite the disagreeable weather, the
rooms of the Deaf-mute Association were
yesterday forenoon filled with a goodly
number of deaf-mutes, who were hon-
ored with the presence of four speaking
gentlemen, who came to look upon Prof.
Job Turner's sign preaching to his people
as a divine treat.

In opening he said the Lord's prayer
and read the following words, which may
be found in the 53d chapter of Isaiah,
4th, 5th, and 6th verses.

4th. Surely He hath borne our griefs,
and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem
Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

5th. But He was wounded for our
transgressions, He was bruised for our

iniquities: the chastisement of our peace
was upon Him; and with His stripes we
are healed.

6th. All we like sheep have gone as-
tray; we have turned every one to his
own way, and the Lord hath laid upon
Him the iniquity of us all.
"Jesus, whom angel hosts adore," in
the "Book of Praise," was sung in the
sign language.

After prayer he delivered a discourse
on the ninth verse of the eighth chapter
of 2d Corinthians; "For ye know the
grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though
he was rich, yet for your sakes he became
poor, that ye through his poverty might be
rich." The subject of his text was self-denial,
some examples of which he gave expressly to
illustrate it. The grace means the benevolence,
kindness, mercy, chasteness, goodness,
etc. His coming in this manner proved
the highest benevolence. Christ was
rich in all the glories of God in heaven,
and might have remained so forever with-
out coming into the world for our sake;
but He was willing to become poor, by
leaving the glory He had with His Father
before the creation, being born of a vir-
gin in a stable, and cradled in a manger,
living in poverty, and dying in agony on
the cross, that we might be rich in the
perfect and eternal holiness and bliss
of heaven. Great was His self-denial.

As Christ was willing to leave His ex-
alted station in the bosom of His Father,
and to become poor that we might be-
come rich in the blessings of the Gospel,
so the true Christian should be willing
to part with earthly possessions in order
to benefit others.

After service the deaf-mutes held the
Bible class, as usual, and read the first
chapter of Mark to the satisfaction of the
leader, and in the evening an enjoyable
prayer meeting was held in the hall.

Prof. Job Turner will remain in this
city until Saturday afternoon, when he
will go to Lowell to officiate on Sunday;
after which he will proceed to Concord,
N. H., and thence to Providence, R. I.,
on his mission.

Charles E. Knight of this city will lec-
ture in the hall on temperance on Thurs-
day evening. A quarterly meeting will
be held in the hall on Wednesday night.
—*Worcester Press, March 19, 1877.*

Washington Correspondence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 24, 1877.

The public all over the United States,
is interested in every bit of gossip con-
cerning the affairs of the White House
and its belongings—even to the stables
and horses therein. The White House
stables are in a bare lot just back of the
new State Department and during the
administration of President Grant there
was always a bustling activity about
the premises. He sometimes had as
many as ten or twelve horses there, and
his hostlers, like all his servants, learned
to love the "silent smoker." But now
the stables are dull and the hostlers, as
well as the horses, have grown lazy.
President Hayes has but two horses,
both black, not old and yet not spirited.
His carriages have not yet come to
Washington.—*Will be here Saturday.*

A party of colored men called upon the
President yesterday to thank him for the
effective blow they consider he has struck
against prejudice in the appointment of Fred
Douglass to the office of the United
States Marshal for the District of Col-
umbia. They told him that they spoke
in behalf and in the name of five mil-
lions of American citizens, (colored), and
that they considered this act (Mr. Doug-
lass' appointment) "secondarily to the
great, beneficent and glorious one of the
emancipation of the slaves of our coun-
try." In reply, the President said that
this was but the beginning of what he
intended during his administration and
that he meant to give practical effect to
the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth
amendments.

Within a few days a suit has been
served upon ex-President Grant by a
man quite lately from an insane asylum
who claims damages to the amount of
\$100,000 for false imprisonment during
the defendants administration. It is
mysterious that lawyers could be found
to prosecute such a suit, but so it is, and
the notice has been served. The facts
as known show only that this man,
Thomas Biggins, hung around the White
House and grounds for weeks a year or
two ago, saying that he had particular
business with the President. As he was
evidently one of those poor, harmless,
demented creatures who are always wan-
dering about the country, no notice was
taken of him till one day when the Pres-
ident was walking in the grounds, the
man confronted him with a club, threat-
ening his life. Then he was taken to
the station by a policeman, examined by
physician, pronounced insane and placed
in the District Asylum.

Mrs. Sartoris (nee Nellie Grant) has
a son, born last Saturday.
The Southern question is the chief po-
litical interest just now. Yesterday's
Graphic puts the case plainly: "The
country may as well understand first as
last that there is a conflict in the Cabin-
et as to the propriety of removing the
troops from Louisiana and South Caro-
lina. The President is unable to get his
Cabinet to agree as to what is best to be
done. Some of its members do not see
their way clear to abandon Packard
and Chamberlain, while others urge that
some decisive step should be taken im-
mediately. The difficulty is really serious,
but the President is firm in his deter-
mination to restore self-government to
the people of those two States."

M. M. W.

—An exchange says: "Isn't it a little
cheeky, to say the least, for a person to
run to the newspapers for every grati-
tious notice or puff wanted, in no instance
worth less than one dollar, and then go
to some little inferior job office to get his
job printing done?"

—A carpet factory has been started
in Lacoma, town of Sandy Creek.

John D. Lee Shot in Utah.

HE MAKES A CONFESSION.

John D. Lee, who was shot on the
23d inst., at Mountain Meadows, Utah,
for the massacre which was committed
there nearly 20 years ago, made a con-
fession. Lee places the responsibility for
the crime upon men who held very im-
portant places in the Mormon Church,
one of them being the first counselor of
Brigham Young. They met together, he
says, and after holding religious services
resolved upon the treacherous decoy by
which the emigrants were led to the
scene of their death. He claims that he
opposed this leadership, and even on the field
of massacre saved the lives of several
children and tried to save others. He
made a true report of the work to Brigham
Young, who, after communing with God,
replied that he was satisfied no in-
nocent blood had been shed, and ex-
pressed only one fear—that of some one
proving traitor. The idea of blood atone-
ment is made to appear as the motive,
and the emigrants appear as lawless
and insulting people who had forfeited
their lives. Mention is made of an au-
tobiography which, if published, Lee
says will furnish information sufficient
to "bring many down from their high
places" in the Church to face offended
justice upon the gallows. "So mote it
be," he concludes.

THE EXECUTION.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, March 23.
At 11 o'clock a. m. precisely Lee was
brought out upon the scene of the mas-
acre at Mountain Meadows before the
executing party and seated on his coffin
about 20 feet from the executioners.
After Marshal Nelson had concluded
reading the order of the court at 11:34
a. m., he asked Lee if he had anything
to say before his execution was carried
into effect. Lee said, "I wish to speak
to that man," pointing to Mr. Fenne-
more, who was fixing his camera near,
to take Lee's photograph preceding the
shooting. Lee then called to the artist,
who replied, "In a second, Mr. Lee."
When Mr. Fennemore signified his readi-
ness to listen, Lee said: "I want to ask
a favor of you. I want you to furnish
each of my three wives a copy of the
photograph (meaning the one being tak-
en); a copy to Rachel A., Sarah C.,
and Emma B." Mr. Howard respond-
ed to the artist. "He says he will do it,
Mr. Lee." Lee carefully repeated the
names over again, saying, "Please re-
ward them." He then arose and said:
"I have but little to say this morning.
Of course I feel that I am upon the
brink of eternity, and the solemnity of
eternity should rest upon my mind at the
present. I have made out, or endeavor-
ed to do so, a manuscript and an abridg-
ed history of my life. This will be pub-
lished. Sir, I have given my views and
feelings in regard to all these things. I
feel resigned to my fate. I feel as calm
as a summer morning. I have done
nothing adversely wrong. My conscience
is clear before God and man, and I am
ready to meet my Redeemer. This is
the place me upon this field. I am
not an infidel. I have not denied God
or His mercy. I am a strong believer
in these things. The most I regret is
parting with my family. Many of them
are unprotected and will be left father-
less. When I speak of those little ones
they touch a tender chord with me."

Here Lee's voice faltered perceptibly.
He continued: "I have done nothing de-
signedly wrong in this affair; I used my
utmost endeavors to save those people.
I would have given worlds, were they at
my command, to have avoided that ca-
lamity; but I could not. I am sacri-
ficed to satisfy feelings, and am used to
gratify parties, but I am ready to die;
I have no fear of death; it has no ter-
rors for me, and no particle of mercy
have I asked for from court or officials
to spare my life. I do not fear death;
I shall never go to a worse place than
the one I am now in; I have said

Oppression.
BY WAT TYLER.
To work as long as life shall last;
To work in pain for idleness;
To face the chill and driving blast;
And be repaid with thanklessness;
To leave his life's blood on the soil,
Whose fruits he lives cannot taste,
To faint and even die in toil,
In life-long drudgery to waste,
Is not all the oppressed must bear.
Behold the awful wreck of mind,
Of gifted soul the wear and tear,
The living spirit stricken blind,
Withered feelings, crushed heart, blasted hope,
The angel man rendered a brute,
To whom alas! in vain you open,
The book of life or guilt impute.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The French and German Systems.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—In your worthy paper of Jan. 18th last, I read with much interest a long article under the title of "A Visit to the Cincinnati School for Deaf-mutes." The writer endeavors to draw a parallel between the German system, which means the education of mutes in articulation and lip-reading, and the French system, which means their education by signs—their mother language. Further he puts to the public the main question—whether of these methods is deemed the most useful and practical for the education of deaf-mute children. Of course it is to be answered that facts from the past only shall be sought and then reviewed with such exactness as to show the advantages and defects of both methods in every respect. Even this question has caused an animated discussion between the parties. It was begun early between the Abbe de l'Épée and Samuel Heinicke. It is without doubt a fact, that both great men had not one idea, full of humanity and love, that "to restore deaf-mutes to society," but they varied in opinion as to the course which should be taken for the education of their pupils. The French say to the Germans, "You are on the wrong side as to the treatment your pupils should receive. You don't allow them to use their natural signs. You are cruel enough to press upon them to learn to speak in tones that can never sound in their ears. Still more cruel is it that you force them to exercise reading from your lips, no matter how well their eye sight is qualified." You have practically made them not men but animals."

Again, the Germans answer their opponents—"You are mistaken in all that you say about our method. It is our prominent task to restore deaf-mutes to society. They are able to learn speaking and lip-reading, because they have soul and spirit like others. The deaf shall speak, for they are men and children of God like others. The use of signs in society is improper, and therefore shall not be suffered at all. Exercise makes the master, and thus the deaf will be enabled to converse easily with their speaking fellows. We don't think that you feel so zealous for the welfare of the deaf as we, because you are afraid of the great difficulties of teaching the deaf, speaking and lip-reading. At least you have not made them fully good members of society, but, on the contrary, they remain the same burden to society as they were before their education begun."

Thus the contest seems to protract without end, and both parties are likely to hold to their peculiar methods. Now to the facts. It will be seen that the French system is preferred to the German in nearly every institution of the new world. What is the cause of this? Because it is the old, dear bequest of the highly honored Rev. Dr. T. H. Gallaudet, and besides it has shown brilliant results in the majority of cases. It is absolutely absurd to entertain the idea of driving out the old beloved system from the institutions, and to plant in their place of articulation and lip-reading. In the United States, the land of the free, there will be seen the remarkable fact that the speaking people are generally sympathetic toward their mute fellows, and learn gladly the dactylology, so as to be able to converse freely with their mute friends. Therefore it is not surprising that the German system will be very little wanted in this country. But see the facts in the old world, and especially in Germany. There reigns a strong antipathy against the language of signs, and every mute who follows the law of nature to use his in-born signs, will be there justified as an unfit member of society. The next consequence is that the poor deaf are compelled to submit their interests to those of the hearing public. I am decidedly in favor of the idea that the hearing children in the common schools shall be taught to speak in signs, and particularly in dactylology. But few hours will go by before they will be masters of this language. I think if they succeed, it will be not only to the advantage of the mutes, but the more to their own benefit. The sign language is a science or art, and should be common property of mankind. Why shall there be no advance of science and culture on earth? Times change and men change with the times. If the sign language gets afloat among the hearing mankind, it will relieve the poor deaf from the principal necessity of being educated in articulation and lip-reading.

Professor McGregor says in his article as follows: "The advocates of articulation claim to restore the mute to society. Theoretically they do so, but practically they succeed hardly in one case in a hundred." Well, he may be right if he means to apply this assertion to his country only. But he would be mistaken if he meant to apply the same to the German institutions. They succeed in 80 per cent. of the cases of articulation and on the contrary in not more than ten per cent. in reading of strange lips. I am of the opinion that articulation is sufficient to restore the mute to society, but not lip-reading at all. Yet it must be

the main question that a full knowledge of the native language shall be imparted to the mute. In the face of facts, I must confess that this sublime aim can be reached more successful by the French system than by the German. Nevertheless, I may be permitted to point clearly to the brilliant accomplishments of the German deaf of the old world. Several of them publish deaf-mute papers, full of the written editorials, of these the *Taubstummenfreund* or *Deaf-Mute's Friend*, has the largest circulation of any deaf-mute paper in the German Empire, and boasts of its 3000 readers, and besides of a select staff of able correspondents. Others write some nice poems and various books and treatises of real value, of which the highly esteemed Professor Otto F. Kruse, a graduate of the Schleswig Institution, gave a sufficient proof. A great many of them engage in all arts of industry and trade, and again many of them succeed so well as to get at the head of their undertakings. Of these Mr. Jacques Loew, a prominent manufacturer of fancy leather and metal wares; Mr. J. Bachrach, a well-known manufacturer of press machines of his own invention, in Vienna; Mr. W. Naglo, a skillful Berlin manufacturer of telegraph and electric apparatus, and others have made an European reputation, as they have received considerable many diplomas and medals of honor at various exhibitions. They speak perfectly and are able to read the lips of strangers, and if they accomplish their engagements with success they must have a full knowledge of the native language. Still it will be remarked that a large portion of them are born deaf. The German deaf, after they leave school, are separated into two classes as to the use of signs. One class feels a peculiar pride about their ability to speak and read the motions of lips, and make a strict use of the same in their social conversation, notwithstanding that they cannot hear. A touching illustration is worthy of mention. In the Bern Institution, in Switzerland, a teacher wanted to order a lunch, he wrote on a card a few words and gave it to a little girl. The child read the card and threw it away, crying, "I don't want the written card, I can speak." These articulating deaf are found chiefly in northern Switzerland, and in the Kingdom of Saxony. The others who use the signs liberally in their social conversation, but go around with hearing persons, are the most numerous in the German empire and in Austria and Hungary. But many of them feel but little confidence in their ability to understand the stranger, or to be understood by him and make a free use of writing on this account. These faithful deaf come mostly from the institutions where the Heinicke method is not rightly understood nor fully practiced. These are the facts about the German system. Both the French and German systems, if isolated, have their benefits and deficiencies, but if both would be united in a proper art, there would be found the right founding of a successful education of the mutes and thereby will follow their certain restoration to society.

This idea was strongly advocated by Mr. Otto F. Kruse, an old pensioned teacher of the Schleswig Institution. He has published to this end a valuable discourse in which he rebuked vigorously the idea that the deaf can be educated with success through the lip language, and without any assistance of signs. He also made an inspiring appeal to both parties to lay aside their national prejudices for the sake of the well-being of the deaf, and urged them to approach together in a liberal understanding of both systems. His efforts were actually crowned with success. The method derived, as it is, from both the French and German systems, seems about to find a slow but sure entrance into many German Institutions, and the same is seen in a few French Institutions.

F. ROTTER.
Boulder, Col., March, 1877.

Rev. Dr. Clere's Church Services at York, Pa.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Sunday afternoon, March 11th, at three o'clock, Rev. Dr. Clere held service for deaf-mutes in St. John's Church in this village, twelve of that class being present—all from York but four, who were from the country. The theme for his discourse was derived from the Scriptural account of Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. The sermon was delivered in clear and forcible sign language, and was plainly understood by all the silent attendants. It was interesting and instructive and fully appreciated by the deaf-mutes. Dr. Clere announced that he would preach a sermon for deaf-mutes at 3 p. m., every Sunday till the first of April. He is, to the great satisfaction of the deaf-mutes of York and vicinity, temporarily filling the vacancy caused by the removal of Rev. Mr. Stoddard to another parish. To the great regret of his silent Christian patrons, Dr. Clere is to leave York the first of April, to be the rector of a parish in New Jersey. The following are the mutes who attended the service: Michael Barnitz, Wm. and Annie Benzel, M. Lanius and wife, E. Bentzel and wife, Mrs. B. Lanius, Daniel Bentzel, Miss Loh, Thaddeus Mundis and George E. Kohler. It is hoped that there will be a larger attendance of deaf-mutes at the next service.

SIDUS.
York, Pa., March 16, 1877.

Warning.

Always look sideways when you pass the corners of streets.
The Boston Herald of this morning has the following: "Nathan Morse, of Gloucester, a deaf-mute, 58 years old, was knocked down by a hack at the corner of Essex and Washington streets last night and had one of his knees broken."

JOB TURNER.
Worcester, Mass., March 22, 1877.

National Deaf-Mute College Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 17, '77.
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Prof. Fay delivered a very interesting lecture on Joan of Arc last week Friday. James M. Park, a graduate of the Class of '75, and Augustus B. Greener, a former student, came to Washington to see the inauguration of Hayes, and paid their Alma Mater a visit. Both are fortunate in their positions in life, being teachers in the Ohio Institution, with good salaries.

Now that the Easter holidays are near at hand, the members of the Ham and Herring Society are making grand preparations for their second annual camping out at the Great Falls of the Potomac. Nearly two-thirds of the students are going on this expedition, weather permitting; and those who stay at home may expect to die of *ennui*. I shall give you a report on our return.

Inauguration Day was passed in a very quiet manner by the students. They went early to the city and saw the parade, but took no part in it, nor in the torchlight procession. It is pretty well known that President and Mrs. Hayes have always taken a warm interest in the children of silence, as was witnessed by their kind reception of the pupils of the Ohio Institution just before they started for Washington. Two of the students made a call at the White House last week Saturday. When they called the new President that they were deaf-mutes, his face immediately kindled up with a kind smile, and he made the sign of deafness to them by putting his finger to one of his ears and shaking his head, as if to ask if they were really deaf. Then he led them to where his wife was standing, and she also smiled kindly and shook hands with the two students, who were the observed of all observers in the crowd of people that had come to see the Chief Magistrate of the Republic.

The Kendall B. B. C. has held its regular semi-annual meeting, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, S. M. Freeman, of '78; Vice-President, W. A. Jackson, of '82; Treasurer, Frank W. Bigelow, of Vermont; Secretary, D. A. Simpson, of '78; Captain, W. Lacy Waters, of Connecticut. The club passed a vote requiring the players of the first nine to take gymnastic exercises for thirty minutes every morning before breakfast. A lazy player, who prefers his bed to the gymnasium, and violates this rule, is to be fined. Speaking of gymnastic exercises reminds me that a pair of parallel bars have been set up on the ground, and the students are practicing every day.

The old friends of Eddie W. Frisbee, recently a student in this College, will be glad to hear from him. His wonderful skill in ball playing has been recognized at home, and he has been engaged for the Alert B. B. C. of Charlestown, Mass. We have no doubt that he will prove very alert indeed.

The other day a hungry Sophomore found a newly-laid egg on the road, and he had it cooked for his dinner.

A Prep, who had heard Dr. Mary Walker, the Woman's Rights woman, described so often that he became very curious to see her, went to her usual haunts regularly every day to catch a sight of her, but it was not until recently that his persistence was rewarded with success. He met her on Penn. avenue, and followed her nearly all the way down the avenue. There was another student with him at the time, who tried in vain to draw him away, and was compelled to leave him and go home alone in order to be in time for supper. If you want to make that Prep mad, just ask him "how is Dr. Mary Walker?" Dr. Mary Walker was walking along in her usual male attire, with a book under her arm. Almost every one on the street stopped or turned to look at her; even the little boys followed her, calling her names and pelting her with pebbles, and anything else they could lay their hands on. More than once the valiant defender of Woman's Rights turned round angrily, and shaking her umbrella at the mischievous urchins, threatened to take one of the most cherished rights of the other sex and thrash them all. It seems that Dr. Mary Walker is not treated with respect by her own sex, for almost every woman that passed her looked only to laugh at her.

The friends of Mr. John Large will be pained to hear that he came to an untimely end last week. He worked in a store at Benning's Station, two or three miles from here, and from some unknown cause the store was set on fire, and he perished in the flames, with his father, who slept with him. There is some suspicion of foul play, although the coroner's jury could not find any evidence of murder. John Large used to be one of the best players of the old Keadall Club. He was a graduate of the Primary department.

I wish to correct a mistake in my last letter to the JOURNAL. In my description of Mr. Jackson's acting, the word "not" ought to be omitted. I did not put the word there, and I don't know how it came there unless it was through a slip of the pen.

STUDENT.

The Nephew of the late Mr. Backus.

Yesterday business took me to the office of the Adams Express Company in this city, where I happened to meet a fine-looking gentleman, one of the company's clerks. He told me that he used to talk with his fingers, but that he had now forgotten the alphabet. I was about to ask him how he learned it, when, to my surprise, he said that he used to have a deaf-mute uncle, Mr. Backus, who was the editor of the N. Y. State *Radix*, at Canajoharie, N. Y. He asked me if his uncle's wife was living, to which I replied that I did not know anything about her. He said that his name was Backus also.

Yours sincerely,
J. B. TURNER.
Worcester, March 13th, '77.

Prof. Job Turner's Mission Work.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS., March 12, '77.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Truly do I feel thankful to God that yesterday I had a very pleasant service in John A. Andrew Hall, Boston, where I delivered a discourse on the well known golden rule—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—Matt. 7:12. I desire to give your deaf-mute readers a few of the examples which I gave the audience.

We should stand fast by the golden sayings which we call mottoes. The Bible does not give us any unkind, vain or faltering words, but those of truth and love. Solomon says "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Prov. 25:11. The Bible is a store house of golden sayings which are to be found on almost every page. They are placed in the Scriptures to guide us in the right path. Whatsoever we desire men to do to us, let us study to do the same to them; not rendering evil for evil, but doing good for evil, so we should not do so. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is a golden saying.

I would gladly give more, but space and time will not permit. At the close of the service, Mr. Almonzo Allard, a graduate of the American Institution, invited me to dine with him. He brought me here, and I enjoyed a good dinner with three deaf-mute ladies—Mrs. Allard, Miss Mary I. Currier, of Lyndon, Vt., and Miss Lizzie Martes, of Somerville, all graduates of the American Institution. Mr. Allard is an industrious man. He has two daughters, one of whom is now at the same institution. His other daughter, named Helen C., is a pretty, little speaking girl and can talk by signs.

I wish to say a word about Miss Martes. Her parents (now living in this city), were born in Germany, from which country they eloped to St. John, N. B., without the knowledge of their parents and other relatives. They were married and lived there some years. Then they came here to live. Miss Martes was born here, and could talk well until she was four years old, when she partially lost her hearing by scarlet fever. She is deaf in one ear. She was four years under instruction at Hartford. She can talk and understand the motions of the lips.

We went to Boston in the evening, and had an enjoyable prayer meeting. After which I was again invited by Mr. Allard to spend the night with him, and I accepted the invitation.

I had almost forgotten to say that I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Amos Smith and Mr. Livingstone at the service yesterday forenoon. Mrs. Smith had been confined to her house by indisposition since last December, and could not attend the deaf-mute services until yesterday when she was present at the hall for the first time. She said she had so far recovered as to be able to go out.

I have decided to make Worcester my headquarters. My friends will please write to me at that city. The object of my removal is to be engaged in the work of ameliorating the condition of those who do not enjoy the inestimable blessing of vocal speech in Worcester and Western Massachusetts. I will keep you well posted in regard to my movements by means of cards. I cannot but feel convinced that it is God who has called me to his vineyard. Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

A Remarkable Coincidence.

The Rev. W. W. Turner, late Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, had a grandfather who was a judge in Vermont. Prof. William C. Turner, a speaking teacher of the Pennsylvania Institution, a graduate of the University of Michigan, had a grandfather who was a judge in that State. I see fit to say that I had a great grandfather who was for many years a judge of the Court of Common Pleas throughout Massachusetts, before the Revolution. He was a member of the first Provincial Congress, with John Hancock, Samuel Adams, &c. The three Turners must have come from the same family in England. May their descendants continue to give the light of usefulness to future generations.

Yours truly,
JOB TURNER.
Worcester, March 20, '77.

More about the New England Mission.

BOSTON, MASS., March 17th, '77.
DEAR MR. RIDER:—Please call your readers' attention to the following which was written by "Occasional," and appeared in your paper of the 1st of March: "The New England Mission has, I understand, closed its doors for the past three Sundays, and tell us why if she can't name a more sensible man than Brother Tillinghast, and I will endeavor to have him resign the position which he took, not from choice or hope of any reward, but solely to help the mutes."

The deaf-mutes of Boston have not the slightest idea of desiring Mr. Tillinghast to help them. We have several more sensible men in Boston than he, who is not a Bostonian. The Mission decides to go on still in spite of the other society's threats.

He farther adds: "He stands among us as a cautious, prudent manager, and understands human nature, and had it not been for his efforts, with those of the trustees, seconded, as they have been, by Brother Holmes, that society would not be in existence to-day."

These words are very offensive to every Boston deaf-mute. As if we didn't know how to manage a society! Now you see we have two societies. The Mission is well managed by these Boston gentlemen. More than a year ago the Library Association went into bankruptcy while Mr. Tillinghast was a director. "Occasional" had better attend to his own business in Salem, and not look after Boston affairs.

JUSTICE.

New York Institution Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

On Saturday evening, the 10th inst., we gave a public entertainment in our Chapel to raise money to defray the running expenses of the Stereopticon. The performance was in two parts; first, some pantomimes by the teachers and then some pictures through our stereopticon. The doors opened at seven, and at 7:30 the performance began. First there appeared on the platform the familiar form of Mr. Gamage, one of our old "landmarks." It will be unnecessary for me to waste words in trying to describe his signs, for the most vivid account one can write of a pantomime falls far short of the reality, and "the gracefulness of Gamage," is proverbial in the silent community. He illustrated by his graceful gestures, the many passions and virtues to which we poor mortals are heir, Dr. Peet interpreting meanwhile for the benefit of the hearing part of the audience. He ended with the story of Christ's stilling the tempest, which was very fine.

Next came Mr. Reeves who told us how General Washington got lost in the woods, and how he managed to get home again at the expense of his dog. The story which was in itself funny enough, illustrated by him, would have split our sides, but luckily we got over it safely, though I'll wager at the expense of many buttons and hooks and eyes.

Then Mr. Thomas H. Jewell gave us "Sheridan's Ride," in graceful and vivid pantomime, that almost made us think we heard and saw the brave General on his noble charger, galloping on that terrible twenty-mile ride, and for one I think that if the performer's feet had been a little heavier, we could have seen the fire fly from his heels in earnest. This part was much applauded.

The first part of the programme was now ended by our imitable W. G. Jones, who told us in his quaint comic style, the story of "old mother Hubbard and her dog." How she "went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone," &c. Then he told us the story of the monkey and the parson; how the reverend gentleman wrote a fine sermon, and went to church to deliver it all unconscious that his pet monkey had accompanied him. The services go on as usual, he begins his discourse, and fired by the resolve to do all the harm possible to sin and his mission, he waxes eloquent. His arms fly round describing curves that would drive a geometrician crazy; he wags his head from side to side, and stamps his foot till the floor groans in indignant reproach. Then a broad smile appears on the faces of his congregation, and it grows broader and broader till it merges into a suppressed giggle which becomes a loud haw-haw. The good man is very wroth and begins to berate his flock for their unseemly levity; then an old white-haired brother gets up and silently points to something over the pastor's head; then the minister looks up, and behold, there is his mischievous monkey perched on a wide projection of the wall, chattering, grinning, and mimicking every motion of his master. The reverend gentleman calls up his John and bids him take the miscreant away, which is done with some difficulty and the mortified minister finishes his sermon as best he can.

The Hudson B. B. C. has been organized for the coming season. Mr. Currier was elected captain and Mr. Ketcham treasurer. They will have a pretty strong nine this spring and expect to carry havoc into the ranks of the neighboring clubs. I am sorry to have to record the death of one of our pupils—little Willie Sterms, the cripple. He died yesterday afternoon at about half-past four o'clock. His funeral will be to-morrow (Sunday). This is the first death that has occurred among our pupils this year.

We have had a long spell of mild weather lately which terminated yesterday with a severe snow storm, and now the snow is 4 or 5 inches deep, but I don't think it can last long.

Washington Heights, N. Y.,
March 17th, 1877.

The Central New York Institution.

We are painfully called on to record the first death in the institution. It occurred on Sunday, March 18th, at ten o'clock in the evening. The deaf-mute taken to a heavenly home was James A. Wainman, of New Hartford, Oneida Co., N. Y., a little boy aged nine years. He entered the institution in the fall of 1875, and though naturally of a frail constitution, bore up well and made great progress in his studies. Our recent severe weather has been very telling to those even of mature and hardy constitution, and the little one contracted a cold, which his feeble vitality could not resist, though aided by the best medical attendance and unremitting personal care. Gradually but surely he sank, and congestion of the lungs has recorded another victim.

Little Wainman, though evidently suffering much, retained consciousness to almost his last hour on earth. Frequently calling for, and always receiving visits from those among the officers he particularly regarded, and surrounded by all those little attentions vouchsafed to the dying, his last moments were soothed and his transition made happy. On the evening before his death, he asked his teacher for his "Scripture Lessons." He would take none but his own, which he brought he asked the lesson and then turned to the Lord's Prayer, and endeavored to read it over, asking for an explanation of a word here and there, as was his wont in school. He communicated a letter to "My Dear Mother," in a weak little hand, quite unconscious that she had been dead several years. His good grandfather was with him continually during his last days, and he would doubtless have been happy to have seen his little sisters for whom he sometimes called.

Throughout his illness, Principal Nelson was most devoted in his attentions and efforts to relieve, if not to save, not leaving his bedside during his last hours of weakness, pain and death; and the willing and ready hands of the matron and others were always within call.

On Monday the little casket was laid in the parlor, and all the pupils came to take their last look, after which the remains were taken to his home by Principal Nelson and James' teacher, Prof. Selcine, with six of his classmates and schoolmates as pall-bearers. Flowers were kept at his place in the school and dining rooms till the white emblems withered and died.

C. S. M.
Rome, N. Y., Mar. 24th, 1877.

A Letter from Natick, Mass.

NATICK, March 19, 1877.

DEAR EDITOR:—Three weeks ago I went to Boston and called on Mr. George Homer for an hour. Mr. E. N. Bowes, of that city, has been dangerously sick with acute rheumatism for about a month, but a few days ago I heard he was much better. The condition of deaf-mute societies in that city remain about the same as usual.

Elbridge Wellington, of Boston, has lately arrived home from England, where he was on a visit for several weeks; came to Natick three weeks ago and stopped over night with me. He gave me a very interesting account of his visit to Europe. He enjoyed his trip over and back very much. His trade at home is painting cars.

Some time ago Mr. J. O. Sanger, of Westboro, Mass., came to this town from Marblehead and stayed with me over night. He was at the meeting of the Industrial Home. In the morning I showed him many places of interest, and he left for his home at noon. He is a very nice gentleman and a true Christian. His wife has been very dangerously ill with pneumonia for several weeks, but is now improving fast.

Mr. Job Turner makes calls on me occasionally on his way to Worcester. I always enjoy his calls very much. He is very active for one of his age. I wish him success in his valuable mission among deaf-mutes. His letters for the JOURNAL are always very interesting.

A few years ago there were six deaf-mutes in this town, but now there are but three. One lady has moved to Hartford, where her father is master of a shoe shop at the American Asylum; another lady moved to Wellesley, Mass., to live with her sister. She is at school in Hartford now. The other, a little boy, died at the American Asylum three years ago. He was one of the smartest boys in his class.

Mrs. Caroline C. Clough, widow of the late Benjamin Clough, lives a few rods from my house. She went to school in 1825, and was under the instruction of Rev. W. W. Turner and the late Dr. T. H. Gallaudet. Her husband was a gold miner in California and Australia several years, and brought home a good pile of gold; bought a piece of land, built a good house, and left four hearing children, who are all married except one, and have several children each.

Not long ago three young deaf-mutes came to this town to look for employment, but they did not succeed. I did all in my power to help them. I hope they did better elsewhere.

I have been in the shoe-making business 15 years, and 11 years in one place, where I still am at work cutting linings for women's shoes, and trim all kinds of work. Natick is a great place for manufacturing shoes, has about thirty shoe shops, and about 2,500 people are employed at the business.

I regretted very much that I was unable to be present at the deaf-mute levee at Worcester, on Washington's birthday, on account of an accident to my aged father. I am very glad they had such a fine time.

Very truly yours,
A. E. O.

A Letter from Franklin County, N. Y.

SOUTH BANGOR, N. Y., March 20, '77.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Perceiving that you are desirous of obtaining for the columns of your paper deaf-mute news from all sections of the country, I will proceed to make up a little budget of news, which I hope will not be without interest to many of your readers. If the deaf-mutes of this section could be informed who your regular correspondent is for this locality they might furnish him with many scraps of news which would be echoed through your paper. [We have no regular correspondent in that part of the State, but wish to have one. Who will volunteer? In the meantime, if any one has an item which he wishes published and thinks it too small to make an entire article of, send it to us marked "For the Itemizer," and it will receive the attention it deserves.]—ED JOURNAL.

At the time that deaf-mute church services were held at Potsdam, on the 6th of February last (the preaching by Rev. H. R. Howard and interpretation by Rev. Dr. G. C. Pennell), there was a union by marriage of Mr. Aldis Boyce, of Dickinson Centre, N. Y., and Miss Sarah Forrest, of Brush's Mills, N. Y. Quite a number of deaf-mutes were present, as well as some hearing persons. Hard times and pecuniary circumstances prevented some deaf-mutes residing at a distance from attending the services and witnessing the matrimonial ceremony. The bride graduated at the New York Institution and the groom at the American Asylum. Mr. Boyce was heretofore a resident of Bangor, N. Y., but for a few years he has lived at Winchendon, Mass. He is now living with his third wife. His first wife was accidentally shot and killed by their oldest son. His second wife eloped with the youngest son after they had involved Mr. Boyce in debt to a large amount, which caused his financial ruin for the time being. This

season Mr. Boyce is working in a butter-tub factory. With the help of one of his youngest boys he turns out 100 tubs a day. His work is to dress out the staves by machinery and set them up, for which he receives three and a half cents each. Last year he had four cents.

Some time ago Mr. Fletcher Stewart, a deaf-mute, of Westville Centre, N. Y., and two other coopers had an exciting little race to see which could make a starch barrel the quickest. All are experienced workmen, but the advantages were in favor of the other two contestants. Mr. Stewart finished his task when the other competitors had each another hoop to put on before the completion of theirs.

ELIAS PERKINS.

Good Letter from a Widowed Deaf-Mute Lady.

SAND LAKE, N. Y. March 18, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Sir: As I was perusing your paper, my attention was called to a piece of romance about the young lady Ella. As I am a mute lady myself, I take great interest in your paper. I think Ella did wrong in not taking her mother's advice. Whose advice should we take if not our mothers? They never advise their children wrong. I think more of my mother's advice than of any body's else. I hope that deaf-mute friends will think of this. My mother is not a deaf-mute, nor was my father. There were seven children of us, six boys and myself. All but me can hear and speak. I was educated at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and graduated in 1860. I had been working in the knitting-factory for my support before I was married. Then I was married to a deaf-mute gentleman named Cuyler W. Lyon, in the year 1863. We were married about eight years and six months when he was killed by an accident. It was a sad sight to me and it came so unexpectedly but with God's help I have lived through it. I have two children; Flora is twelve and Alva seven next May. They both attend school at the Central New York Institution for Deaf-mutes. I hope the Lord will spare them to me, for they will be a comfort to me in the years that are to come. I have made my home at my grandparents' and with my mother. I worked in Mr. A. Knowlson's knitting-mill, but on account of the hard times he was compelled to stop running the mill, so I am out of employment. But I am in hopes that spring will bring better times to all of the working people. I ought not to complain very much, for I am not so bad off as some of the poor people are, but I should feel better if I had some work to do and so should we all. The mute people ought to work for their parents, who would help and give them good advice. But if they are poor they have to go away and work for themselves, and they ought to support their poor parents, when they get work. For they must save money so as to make themselves comfortable in time of need. They must all be good and prudent, and obey their fathers and mothers, who would be very much pleased. I hope that they will have good homes. The Lord bless and comfort them and also all of us.

Very respectfully yours,
SUSAN M. LYON.

He Likes the Journal.

NEWARK, N. J., March 20, 1877.

MR. RIDER:—Sir: I have been more highly pleased with your excellent paper this year than ever before. You have managed to conduct it with such skill and courtesy that I wish to renew my subscription. You will find enclosed \$3.00, the subscription price for two years.

Yours truly,
W. H. HALSEY.

Easter Lilies.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

The Lord is risen! From out the garden tomb,
Set amid lilies' fair and fragrant bloom,
The Conqueror, triumphant from the dead,
Bright and serene, uplifts his royal head.

Scent of his garments, spicy and balm,
Distills through all the garden. Pure and calm,
His loving glance, emerging from the tomb,
Rests on the lilies, hallowing all their bloom.

Glad shines the golden sun on Easter Day!
A healing balm glads earth with brightest ray
Amid the lilies Christ hath second birth;
A risen Lord is here revealed to earth.

First fruit of them that sleep! Oh! mighty Lord,
Forever be Thy holy name adored!
Hope of the world! Oh! conqueror over death,
Shed o'er our souls the lilies' glorious breath!

Thou, with pure heart and apostles' hand, we may
Lift up to thee our songs on Easter Day:
While in each heart, released from sin's dark tomb,
The lily of that holy love may bloom.

RAILROAD MATTERS.

The Watertown Despatch says: Changes are fashionable just now among conductors on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad. Sam Sloan seems to be on the war path.

As under the decepting process the stock of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western continues dropping till the while, it don't seem to us that the same process introduced on the R. W. & O. RR. will benefit stockholders particularly.

Hastings has elected George Gosling for game constable and Horace L. Drake for town auditor. We suppose the reason why they did not go through the entire poultry yard was because none of the other families were ambitious for political distinction.

Greenfield, the condemned murderer, says the two trials have been a heavy drain on himself and friends, and he does not know how he can stand the cost of an appeal. He is cheerful and confident of getting another trial.

Washington Correspondence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 17, 1877.

A part of President Hayes' policy is to keep people in office as long as they do their work faithfully, and he will not further the success of the thousands of office seekers that are thronging about him, just because he was himself successful. He manifested his intentions in that regard very plainly a few days since when a man from one of the Western States waited upon him for the purpose of asking to be appointed to the Postmastership in his own town. He was armed with a finely worded petition, signed by a great number of his townsmen, which the President looked over, and at length asked the man if there any complaints against the person now filling the office. "None that I know of," replied the man. "And when does his term of office expire?" "In two years," "O, well, you just bring me these papers in two years," says Mr. Hayes, passing them back to the disappointed applicant.

There is a perfect army of office seekers in Washington now, doomed, it seems, to return to their homes sadder if not wiser men, out of pocket and probably out of honor, many of them. The new Cabinet members are giving out word that during their administration of the affairs of the several Departments, there will be no removals of clerks or other employees except "for cause," and no promotions except "for merit." It will therefore be useless for the Departments to receive, or for persons to file papers for applications for clerical appointments or promotion on merely personal or political grounds. In addition this general notification it is stated that there are at present absolutely no vacancies of any kind to be filled. Postmaster-General Key has had an answer lithographed to the thousand and one applications for office which he is daily receiving through the mails, in which he says the application is filled and will be considered in the order in which it was received whenever vacancies occur, and that there are now no vacant places whatever.

The Senate is still holding daily sessions but doing little or nothing, evidently only remaining for the purpose of confirming the doings of the President. It is now thought that the adjournment sine die will take place to-morrow or on Monday next, and it is understood that no business beyond the consideration of communications from the President will be transacted before the next session, the Southern question has been considerably agitated since the policy of the new President has become known, but at a Democratic caucus Thursday night, it was decided for the Senators to go home as soon as possible, leaving the President to work out the question of the South according to his own ideas of expediency. This goes, with many other indications, to show the kindly sentiments felt on all sides and by all parties towards the new administration.

A grand wedding took place in our city on Thursday evening; the bride being the daughter of Mr. Forney, editor of the Sunday Chronicle, and the bridegroom a wealthy Pennsylvania gentleman, Mr. W. H. Eby. The ceremony was performed in the first Presbyterian church which was profusely decorated with flowers and evergreens. The bride was dressed in white grosgrain silk trimmed with point lace and natural lilies-of-the-valley. She wore no ornament but flowers, and her bouquet was composed wholly of lilies-of-the-valley. Annie and Dorie Forney, sister of the bride, Miss Lida Miller, daughter of Justice Miller, and Miss Fannie Eby, sister of the groom, acted as bridesmaids. The sisters wore white silk trimmed with daisies, Miss Miller white tulle and flowers, and Miss Eby white silk and pink roses. The bride's mother wore silk trimmed with point lace, and the groom's mother was nicely arrayed in black velvet. The bouquet holder of the bride was of solid silver lined with gold, and the bridal presents were numerous and beautiful, comprising a great variety of silver-ware, house ornaments, pictures, jewelry, etc.

M. M. W.

The Astors have ordered a third reduction of rent of ten per cent., making thirty per cent. in two years.

Teachers' Examinations.

Teachers' examinations will be held in the third commissioner district, Oswego county, as follows:

At the Academy, Palaski, Saturday, March 31; school house, Sandy Creek, April 2; school house, Orwell, Tuesday, April 3; school house, Sand Bank, Wednesday, April 4; school house, Williamstown, Thursday, April 5; school house, Redfield, Friday, April 6; school house No. 7, Mexico, Monday, April 9.

Teachers are requested to bring a copy of some fifth reader, paper, pencil and eraser. Again I urge the necessity of being prompt. Let all be ready to commence their work at 9 o'clock A. M.

J. W. LADD, School Com'r.
March 10, 1877.

—C. A. Gillett of this place is attending the Normal School at Oswego.

—Walter Brown came home last week on a visit to his parents in this village.

—Mrs. Judge Whitney, of Oswego, was in town visiting friends, on Monday.

—Will Stone returned to New York Saturday, to take a spring course at Bellevue College.

—Alanson Duell has purchased the farm occupied by Joseph N. Whitney, for \$1,400.

—G. W. Baker, who has been confined to his house by sickness, is again able to be upon our streets.

—We are glad to learn that Mrs. Henry Penfield, who for some days has been dangerously ill, is now improving.

—Last Thursday the young friends of Ralph Thomas gathered at his home, and spent an enjoyable afternoon in honor of his fourth birthday.

—Rev. J. H. McGahan having to preach an ordination sermon at Bridge-water, will be unable to fill his appointments in this town this week.

—The Baptist Church, Oneida, retains Rev. G. R. Pierce another year. Mr. Pierce was formerly pastor of the Baptist church in this place.

—The Syracuse Standard says:—Over eight hundred persons have professed conversion under Mr. Hammond's preaching and signed the covenant.

—Mr. Frank Rieckard, of Mexico, has established himself in the Ludington Block for the purpose of nickle plating knives and forks.—*Parish Mirror.*

—Mr. F. Washburn gave us some fine apples the other day, which were nearly as fresh and sound as when picked from the tree. Such presents are appreciated.

—Earl Taylor and family arrived from the West last Friday, where they have been living for the past two years. They are looking well, and we are glad to see them back again.

—On Tuesday evening about thirty persons from this village made Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Cook a visit. We need hardly say that the visitors met with a cordial reception and were well entertained.

—Mr. N. B. Everts, of Webster City, Iowa, and formerly of this place, gave us a call yesterday. His many friends here are glad to see him. He looks well and is much pleased with his western home.

—Mrs. A. Beebe, of Michigan (sister of Levi and Solomon Mathews) was here on a visit last week, accompanied by her son. Though about seventy-five years of age, she endured the journey well and much enjoyed her visit.

—Among the names published in the Naturalists' Directory, of Salem, Mass., are the following from this vicinity: G. A. Davis, Taxidermist. E. B. Bartlett, Meteorologist. W. H. Ballou, Ornithologist and Oologist.

—At no time since the work began have the conversions averaged greater than this week. The spirit has permeated the surrounding country, and all Pennellville, Himmerville, Lyndersand and Clay seem flocking hither to secure salvation.—*Phosnic Register.*

—The other day W. H. Hunter showed us a pair of alligator boots belonging to L. G. Ballard. The workmanship is very fine, but we should expect no other from Mr. Hunter. Tom Pepper is also making some of the same kind for L. Stevens and his sons, and of course they will show good workmanship.

—Mr. George Stone's family has been sorely afflicted. In addition to his own sickness, and that of his wife, his little boy, Harry, having had a quite serious attack, Mrs. Stone was also taken sick while caring for the family, but we are glad to learn that all of them are improving now.

PARISH.

Our schools closed last Friday. Vacation will be short.

Several conversions during the present revival effort.

Our non de plume, "Odd," is assumed by others. In one of our county papers recently, we observed an article from this town, signed "Odd," giving an account of a dance. We do not attend dances nor write about them.

Our tradesmen do the larger part of the suing, and the farmers are generally the victims, and by such means they are made the unwilling supporters of a lot of law officers. In the end the farmers will be the gainers and the tradesmen the losers. For the farmers will then see their true position, which will be co-operation and combination among themselves. This idea is growing and it is from the fact that tradesmen do not try to rid the country of so many middlemen.

Opp.

The Arrival of the Birds.

Mr. Editor:—I have prepared the following in relation to the arrival of the various migratory birds in Palermo, in this county, last year. It may be interesting to compare it with the dates of their arrival this year:

Robin, March 6; Blue Bird, March 8; Meadow Lark, March 8; Red-winged Blackbird, April 1; Wild Geese, April 2; Night Hawk, April 5; Pigeons, April 11; Pewee, April 13; Rusty Blackbird, April 17; Chimney Swallow, May 4; Barn Swallow, May 6; Oriole, May 7; Wren, May 8; Bobolink, May 15.

E. B. B.
Palermo, N. Y., March, 19 1877.

Allison's Patent air-tight Butter Tub for Sale by T. G. Brown. Butter makers, call and see them. 19 4f

Unparalleled Brutality.

SAND BANK, March 13.—About five miles south-west from this village, on the borders of Williamstown, the locality familiarly known as "Happy Valley," was yesterday, the 12th inst., the scene of a terrible tragedy. The facts as I have been able to learn them from a visit to-day at the scene of the tragedy are as follows:

ATTEMPTED MURDER.

It appears that James Lonas or Lomas, an unmarried man, aged about thirty years, has been living with his brother George, with whom and his wife, James has had frequent quarrels. On Sunday last George's wife asked James if he could go to his father's and live. Yesterday (Monday) morning he said he would, his brother having gone to Pulaski as a witness at court. Mrs. Lonas helped him to get his things together, and he took part of them up to his father's a distance of about eighty rods, and about 11 o'clock he returned for the rest. Upon entering the house where Mrs. Lonas and her daughter, aged about fifteen years, were, he stepped upon a chair, took down a gun, aimed it at Mrs. Lonas and pulled. The cap exploded, but failed to ignite the powder. Mrs. Lonas took hold of the gun. He then clenched a hard spud which was among his things, and attempted to strike with that. The girl seized this, and by her efforts and her mother's they succeeded in getting it away from him, and ran out of the door to a neighbor's.

KILLING AND MUTILATING CATTLE.

James stayed in the house about half an hour and then was seen to go to the barn with the gun, in axe, and the spud. In this barn was one cow and a pair of oxen. It was soon discovered that he had literally cut the cow nearly twice in two by severing her backbone in two places with the axe, cutting nearly down her sides. He had also hacked the hips and sides of the oxen with the axe, and they were bleeding profusely. The cow was dead when found, but the oxen were alive and to-day it appears that with good care they may live.

SUICIDE BY STRYCHNINE.

Upon the neighbors entering the barn he fled, but was seen and spoken to by his mother at his father's barn in the afternoon, and again he disappeared, and at half-past four o'clock he was found in his father's barn, in the agonies of death, and died at five o'clock.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

This morning the coroner, Dr. H. W. Caldwell, of Pulaski, was notified, and arrived about 9 o'clock, accompanied by Dr. F. S. Low. Dr. J. Gardner, from Williamstown, was also present. After examining the body, the body was taken to the school-house, where a rigid examination into the particulars of the horrible affair was instituted by the coroner, by examining the physicians, the father, mother and brothers of the deceased, and other members of the family, which revealed the above facts, and also that two empty bottles labelled "strychnine" were found upon or near the body of the deceased; also, before leaving his brother's house he destroyed a sewing machine by breaking the parts with a club or other instrument.

The verdict of the jury was that James Lonas came to his death on the 12th day of March, 1877, in his father's barn by means of a dose of strychnine administered by his own hands, he being a man of sane mind at the time of taking said poison, according to the evidence.

—*Cor. Oswego Palisades.*

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:

Flour, (retail) Spring, \$3.00, red \$3.25, white, 1 25
Meal, ½ cwt, (retail) 1 25
Shorths, ½ ton, 822
Shippings, ½ ton, 824
Middlings, ½ ton, 826
Corn, 65
Oats, 40 @ 45

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:

Butter, 15 @ 23
Loose Butter, 15 @ 20
Cheese, 9 @ 13
Lard, 13
Eggs, ½ doz., 13
Beef ½ lb., 05 @ 14
Beef ½ cwt., \$4 @ \$6
Mutton, ½ cwt., \$3 @ \$9
Pork, ½ barrel, retail, \$17
Pork ½ cwt., \$6 @ \$7
Apples, (dried), ½ lb., 11
Ham, ½ lb., 3 @ 10
Dried Potatoes, ½ bush., \$0 50
Beef Hides, per lb. 6 @ 7

HOUSEHOLDERS TAKE NOTICE.

Oswego Flour, Winter, \$2.00; Spring, \$1.95.
Kerosene oil, 25 cts per gallon.
Salt, 20 " per lb.
SALT, 31.25 @ 31.40.
50lb. Butter Tubs, 30 cents.
New Orleans \$1.00 M. lasses, 75 cts. @ gal.
The poor can have cheaper.
W. O. JOHNSON,
Washington St., Mexico

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The following are the prices for coal:

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CHARCOAL (per bushel), 20

Blacksmith's Coal always on hand.
Our coal is as clean as any in the market, and warranted to give satisfaction or no pay.
Remember that no coal will be delivered unless paid for when ordered after this date.
Office in the Express office at L. G. Ballard's Grocery,
W. PENFIELD,
Mexico, Feb. 17, 1877.

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The acknowledged Organ of Literature for the Deaf and Dumb; has the

Widest Circulation and the Best Staff of Correspondents

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MORE INTERESTING NEWS AND READING MATTER

relating to the Deaf-mutes than any other paper published. As in the past, so in the future, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will be conducted in the interests of the DEAF-MUTES. Its columns will be interspersed with

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of reading material suitable to the wants of our class of people. Domestic news paragraphs will be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

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This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and newsy paragraphs.

Good Bargain.

Our motto, as heretofore, will be to give subscribers their

FULL MONEY'S WORTH

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Good Bargain.

OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS, all of whom are so well and favorably known for their literary abilities, will be retained, and the JOURNAL will be conducted on a better plan than ever. Our Correspondents and Contributors, regular, special and occasional, embracing writers of moral articles, and spicy productions will supply our readers with interesting reading matter suited to the tastes of the grave and sedate, and spice that will be relished by the gay and young.

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SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE

That our Paper for 1877 will merit the friendship and generous patronage of the deaf and dumb public.

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